

AN APPEAL.

To My dear Brethren and Sisters, Everywhere, to Whom this may Apply.

BY W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ; as one who loves you and the cause of Christ, I come to you with this appeal. We appeal to you in the name of honor and consistency, to come out from among a people with whom you enjoy no affinity. You have certainly learned by this time that reconciliation with the German Baptist is utterly out of the question. That people, as long as the present administration policy is in force with them, will remain "joined to their idol."—The annual meeting, and you are wasting precious time in trying to convert them to the contrary. To contend with them any longer is to stoop lower than true Christian dignity permits. "Come out from among them," and let us give them a severe letting alone, only when by their misrepresentation they endanger the cause of truth. Truth we must guard and defend.

Out of the former so called Dunkard organization, three have originated, respectively called the Old Order brethren, the German Baptists and the Brethren. Their respective organizations are before us now as facts, and it is the height of uselessness to argue or think otherwise, and to undertake to legislate them together is the height of presumption.

Brethren, it cannot be done. You might as well try to compel and exchange of locality between mountains and prairies. The gulf is not only large but FIXED. Those who claim and uphold the principles and usages of the "Old Order Brethren" ought to, in the name of consistency and honor, unite with them. So also those whose greatest affinity is with the "German Baptist," and the same consistency should govern those who claim to be Progressives, or whose sympathies are with the Brethren. It is the privilege of the Old Order brethren to exist as they do. So also the German Baptist, and the same inalienable right must be accorded to the Brethren, and neither should interfere with the rest, only so far as the protection of their respective individual rights are concerned. All should bid each other "God speed," in everything that is good, and all should labor more to do good in the world than to build up selfish sectarian tenets. To meet together in council, quarrel and work simply to gain victory over each other, is to say the least unchristian. There was a time when opposition to the inconsistent and tyrannical attitude of our annual conference was justifiable; but brethren, that time is past. For we have now an organization and home of our own. One too, thank God, where we can live in peace and enjoy all the Christian immunities we should desire. Where the inalienable rights of soaring high in individual Christian freedom is recognized. Having now after "having done all to stand" with our former church relative such a home of our own, is it, I ask in the name of reason and justice, right that we should force ourselves into the home of some one else? I care but little about the disputed question as to whether Brethren are the old or new church. Merit is what should influence us. What is right should be the question with us, and not which is the old organization, or to which did father, mother, or anyone else belong? Principle, instead of simply association, should be our foundation, and we should

"Dare to stand alone,
If need be."

Who loves to live in a quarreling family, or a quarrelling community? Yet how we hug to a quarrelling church! Brethren, our neighbors, our best friends, our children, are becoming disgusted with quarrelsome church councils. We become thereby a disgrace to our surroundings, and especially so when all this is done in the name of Christianity. We become a hiss and a byword in the world. Our affections should be on "things above." Col. 3:2. The aspirations of our hearts should be that God might be honored and sinners saved, whether silly "committees" are discomfited or not. The honor of discomfiting them is small as it is. So easily done. Come brethren, heaven and earth appeals to you. The holy and peaceful throng of heaven invites our co-operation in establishing Messiah's kingdom on earth. The sighs and groans of a suffering and spiritually famishing world beckoning to us, with outstretched arms. Our immediate kindred, our children and dear bosom friends are reaching with outstretched arms toward us. They are famishing, and O God! what are we doing. Heathen lands implore; the mission cause everywhere sends appeals to us to come to the aid of soul-starving humanity. Even the groans that arise from the "bottomless pit" cry to us and send forth their warnings. The flames of hell are flashing their fiery tongues in every direction, devouring thousands whom we might save, while we are

spending our time fussing about little trifling and silly church technicalities and tenets which reach but little, if any, higher than the conceptions of the weakest human brain. Come, brethren, "Quit you like men." Let us cease child's play and foolish wrangling and flourish in the high and lofty sphere of Christian manhood, carrying onward toward the "high calling in Christ," the banner of God. Let us open every door and window of God's house and permit the refreshing and purifying zephyrs of Christian loveliness waft through and deeply imbued themselves in every department of that house; fill every crevice and adorn every vessel. Let us exemplify the truthful outburst of the poet:

"My house is called a house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place."

O don't let us turn it into a "den of thieves" by robbing it of its sanctity and sacredness in unholy wrangling. Will not the Brethren everywhere heed our appeal, and assist us in the onward march of the Gospel-alone doctrine? By a continuous wrangling with "adjoining elders" even some of our own brethren and sisters will become so disgusted that they will be driven entirely away from Christ. Brethren, our responsibilities in this matter are fearful. We speak advisedly in this matter. We see the tendency to scepticism on the part of some who once were warm in the cause. O let us be consistent. Amen.

Morrill, Kans.

DO WE MOULD OUR FACES.

It is said that the face is the index to the human soul; and with equal fitness and truth it could be said that it is the preface of the biography of the possessor. For as the preface explains the purport of the book, so does the face explain and elucidate the history of the life of the individual. The marks on the human face are so plain that a student of human nature rarely misrepresents them. And, if we will but look about us, we will find that not only the preface is written in bold characters, but that there is not a page of a life's history of importance, be it good or bad, but what has its title there. How often do we meet with that parasitic mass of humanity on our street corners, who, indeed fail to decipher the character "sluggard" on his brow?

In another face "vanity" is caricatured in bold curves of fantastic and imaginary beauty. Another has emblazoned on his burly mein, in flushed and crimson hieroglyphs, that most significant of titles, "a drunkard," and this too so plain that even the way-faring man, though a fool, readily reads and shudders. Still another has beautifully traced upon his countenance, which bodies forth and speaks louder than words, the title of a pure and noble manhood, which tells of a life of virtue, rectitude and honor; and even the most degraded dare not dispute the truth of this preface. And so on, ad infinitum, if we observe, it will be found that every one carries the marks or footprints, not only of time, but of their past life in their faces. And it follows that the actions which make up the history of an individual has such a marked influence upon the mind and every lineament of the face and features, that we may say with truth, the facial expression is almost, if not wholly, subject to the will.

Nature, through God's immutable laws, has written the history of the past on the eternal rocks; and so with man, like drops of water that slowly wear away the solid rock, so our acts, habits etc., are tracing corresponding features in each face, which death alone can obliterate.

To be convinced that we do mould our own countenances in the main, we have only to reflect. How many of us have been pained to meet a friend who only a few years previous was the picture of true manhood, but now requires close scrutiny to be recognized? Learn his history and you find that the demon of strong drink or some other vice has laid its heavy and withering hand upon him. Again, how often we hear the common expression: "why, my friends, I hardly knew you," and see in the face of the one who prompted the exclamation, signs which indicate a departure from vice to a life of honor. Other numerous examples are not wanting, all of which prove that we recognize the force of habits, actions, etc., on the facial expression, but yet never stop to think that we really form or mould the countenance. The aged do not stop to think that the deep, careworn wrinkles, that sometimes mar the beauty of a ripe old age, could have been avoided, and a sunny smile been substituted. Ah! ye maidens, who would grasp at some vile nastrum prepared and advertised by some of our numerous quacks, as a beautifier, do but remember that God has given you a prescription through which you may indeed become beautiful, and which mortal cannot duplicate. If we cultivate habits of courtesy, modesty, patience, charity, and, above all, a cheerful, amicable, good

nature, our faces will show that we possess such qualities, and so be beautiful. Bacon says that goodness and "goodness of nature are of all virtues and dignities of the mind, the greatest being the character of the Deity," and such indeed they are. The face, in youth, as well as the mind, is in a plastic condition, capable of being moulded, and if we possess such qualities will be moulded by them.

If any doubt the truth of this, let them try the experiment, and they will not only demonstrate the truth, but will reap a golden reward; for, those possessed of such qualities, are armed with an armor which in the battle of life will prove invulnerable against all enemies. The arrows of sorrow which quiver from the bow of misfortune and adversity cannot penetrate it. The wearer will feel the shock, but the sharp bearded point is broken and falls to the ground.

S. J. HOLINGER.

Are we Properly Organized?

In a recent issue of the EVANGELIST, brother Bauman, of Morrill, Kansas, asks the question: "Should we not hold a general camp-meeting or convention sometime next summer?" This brought to our mind the question at the head of this article: Are we fully organized for effective work? We think not. As long as our near neighbors persist in calling us Dunkards, not knowing the difference, there must be something lacking. When one of the young priest-persecuted sisters in Kansas, writes to us, in Ohio or Pennsylvania, for information as to where to find and how to gain admittance into the Brethren church, we feel very keenly that something is lacking, and, when a few poor members, in a remote part of the State, must do without preaching, or procure it at their own expense, we again feel to say that we are not properly organized. Adding to all this, and much more that might be said, the fact that the question as to what constitutes a fully authorized and ordained minister, has never yet been settled among us, together with a crippled educational institution, and other needed enterprises starving for proper encouragement, we are more than convinced that we are not properly organized.

We need at least one more general convention, and that in the near future, for the purpose of finding a remedy for the foregoing and kindred wants. Some of them might be met by holding state conventions. I think so far as the missionary work, that we are able to do at present, State or district conventions might answer the purpose, but there are a few things upon which we should deliberate in a general conference. There is a disposition to become entirely too congregational. So much so, that we may soon be threatened with disintegration. We were turned out to face the battles of life not only disinherited, but actually robbed and persecuted by an unnatural and apostate parent; we were poor and for the most part without houses for meeting and worship; in this condition we had to be almost wholly engaged in giving shape to our local interests. The Lord has prospered us beyond our most sanguine expectations. True there are still a number of congregations that have no meeting houses. They think they are too poor to build. This may be true in some cases, while in others there is a lack of energy and self-denial. The former of these might be aided by holding district meetings; while for the latter, in their tardiness, we can hardly afford to wait. So, we think, it will be in order, whenever the executive committee sees proper to find the place and make the call, to hold a general convention; then and there, to divide the entire territory into districts; these to meet in district conventions, and make provision for home mission work, and take charge of such work in general as may be for the success of the cause. We put this out as a feeler, what will the Brethren say?

P. J. BROWN.

Congress, Ohio.

CHIPS AND COMMENTS.

BY J. P. MARTIN.

The bee that is tempted to revenge itself upon its adversary, sacrifices its life as a consequence, and what is true of the bee is, too often, true of man. Have you a reputation for good? Then don't cast your future usefulness away by stinging your neighbor. The man who deserves to have revenge wrought upon him is, too often, minus a character, and consequently is unable to feel regret; whilst your stinging him may cost you your good name.

The boy that tires of home, and home restraints, and to better his condition breaks away, seeking more congenial latitude in the city, is not the material to grow up into noble manhood. He is the runaway to-day; tomorrow he is found in jail, state prison or dangling beneath the cross-bars of the gallows. Such a state in life generally ends in disgrace. Jesus was subject unto his earthly parents until he arrived at years of maturity.

Would you be a noble man, and fill such a place in life? Then be a noble boy, and fill a noble boy's place in youth.

In passing an opinion upon our fellowman, do we consider the circumstances that may have surrounded his life? Is he lame, and in tattered garments? Then, his must have been an uneven and dangerous path. O, how much pain we could spare, how many wounds we could heal, if we would first examine the path our brother trod before we censure him for being dirty, lame and ragged. Is a friend accused? then before you are guilty of doing him an injustice, examine the circumstances that have surrounded his life, and very often you will find them to have been dark shadows cast across his pathway that wholly obliterated the moral sunshine from his sphere, and if you are a Christian you will place yourself in his shoes and judge accordingly.

"He that hates his brother is a murderer," and you know that "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." The language of the apostle notwithstanding, how often we hear otherwise very good Christians say, "I may forgive, but I can't forget." "I just hate John; oh, I detest him;" and yet they are members of the same congregation. There is not much Christ where envy and hatred reign. Have you been injured by a false friend, then manifest your Christian principles by going to that one and seeking reconciliation; try to show him his mistake; try to prove to him by your walk and conversation that what he has said or done against you is wrong, and, after you have done all in your power to make matters right, and still he persists in abusing you, then "let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican," not as an enemy. You must not say of him, "I hate him; he is not worthy of the least of my notice." No, you must pray for him as you do for the heathen; you must treat him kindly when you chance to meet him. Instead of doing as Christ directs us under such circumstances, we are prone to do as modern Christians do. We are quite sure to get up on our dignity and look down over the parapet of our much wronged conscience upon the knave who dared to speak so against us, and if he were to come to us, craving forgiveness, we would hand it down to him with a ten-foot pole. I fear, sometimes, that I am more a Pharisee than a Christian. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

A SAD SCENE.

BY E. E. ROBERTS.

A sad scene was enacted in the Tombs police court on Saturday, July 5th. An old man, who had all the marks of a tramp, was brought before Justice Solon B. Smith.

"For God's sake, Sol, forgive me," pleaded the old man. "Liquor has been my curse; for ten years I have been its slave; but from this day I will be a changed man. Not a drop of the poison shall pass my lips."

"It has such a hold on you," said the justice, "you can't quit, and if I let you go you have no home, your wife will discard you, your old friends pass you by in horror and disgust, and what will become of you?"

"Oh, I can live on forty million easy enough," said the prisoner.

"Forty millions! why, you haven't got forty cents," said justice Smith.

"I tell you Sol. I have it."

"How did you get it?"

"Why, I've earned it, to be sure; how else would I get it?"

"Yes, I see, drinking has unsettled your mind. I'll change the complaint against you to insanity," said the justice. "You will be better cared for in an insane asylum than in a work house."

"Officer, remove him."

"Please judge," said Court Officer Finn, "will you let some other officer take him," and his eyes filled with tears.

"Why can't you?" said the court in surprise.

"He was my general in the war, your honor," said Finn, "and a braver, kinder, nobler man never led his men to battle. He treated his men as so many brothers, and I know it is done for his good, but I never can repay him for all his kindness to me and the boys. A sad thing to see my brave old commander in such a position, and if he is sent myself and his old command will see to it that he is well taken care of at the asylum."

"This poor man was Brigadier-General Thomas W. Eagan, who fought at Gettysburg under Gen. Mead, and participated in almost every battle at that time."

Briefly will I sum up the moral, my dear young friend: Boys, never touch the first drink. Never take the first step by touching tobacco. Girls, give the boys to understand that you despise either rum or tobacco. Give them to understand you would never marry a man who either chews or drinks.